

## Immortal Souls

### "Winter Of My Discontent"

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[Chapter IV - The Passage begins]

Alas!  
That I shall now die,  
Not for deed or belief;  
All I've been is glory,  
Fear shall not embrace me.

Behold!  
That I'm not for this,  
Nor my mouth says of grief;  
Kingdom for heartfelt love,  
Passed are all that was formal.

Now is the winter of my discontent,  
Made glorious by this sun of north;  
All the clouds that lowered upon me,  
Are fallen and deep snow buried.

Now is the winter of my discontent,  
Made glorious by this sun of north;  
Of forest that scent of pine refines,  
At heavens caress the white that alights.

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